The Half-Ogre

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/12785145.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Post-Apocalypse, Alternate Universe - Post-Apocalypse, Fairy Tale Elements, fantastic creatures, Hannibal is a Cannibal, Well he is not human so not really
Language:	English
Series:	Part 27 of Inktober - PostApo [OneShots]
Stats:	Published: 2017-11-21 Words: 471 Chapters: 1/1

The Half-Ogre

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Summary

After a nuclear disaster humanity started to change. They are no longer dying for the irradiation but new sort of human, or mostly creatures started to rise.

It was quite a strange situation they were living in. After the disaster of the Calvert Cliffs nuclear power plant, most of Maryland had been erased for the maps, most states nearby had been irradiated and burned to the ground. At first, they had hope for the rest of the United-States and the world, but they had forgotten about the main issue with nuclear disaster: the long-time irradiation and the ash particles in the air. The nuclear winter had started in June, the shy had been greyish for month before. Nobody was safe from the cold and much worst nobody had been safe from the irradiation.

The irradiation had, at first, kill a lot in the first three generation, leading to abnormal foetuses and heavy cancer grown. The fourth generation had been the beginning of something new, some babies had born different, but not non-functional as the ones before, they had presented tiny pointy ears, size abnormally small or big, some had strange grey or green undertone to their skin… At first parent have been frighten but a surviving baby was always a gift so they raised them. Turned out that the irradiation had suppress some inhibitor of very peculiar genes. It had awaking some old genes leading to phenotype that had never been seen by humans before. They were close to fantastic creatures: elves, changelings, trolls, faes… Nobody could study them anymore but they had started to express long repressed archaic genes, nobody knew why the evolution had repressed it in the first place or why they were suddenly expressed again… But the fact was fantastic creatures and beasts were walking the earth again.

They were an odd couple living on the cliff near the sea, the younger one was some fae. He had tiny pointy ears, white skin and curly chocolate hair, was he smaller he could have been a Halfelin or Hobbit. The other one was the one most people feared. He was tall, strongly build, with grey hairs and more importantly red or burgundy eyes and pointy teeth. Nobody knew what he was exactly, but he was eating human meat and it was enough to avoid him. One of his prey had called him a Wendigo, a man flesh eating monster for the Algonquian folklore. Hannibal, as it was the man name, had laugh at the declaration and replied “much worst I’m afraid”.

They were often hosting fest for their neighbour, those were always looked after. It was an odd celebration in this long winter. And even if the meat was always human on the table they had quite a long list of guests. From siren, merpeople, said Wendigo, troll or vampire, their guest table was eclectic but eager for it. After all, nothing was better than a feast from an Ogre and his lovely Changeling husband.

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